

had the stiffness for that. Had we been in port longer before the race, it is likely that, like some of the others, our vessel would have been lightened up and so made less stiff. To be sure, she would have had her bottom scrubbed and she would have been keyed up to racing pitch, with every bit of sail just so and her trim gaged to a hair's breadth; but that did not matter so very much now. The "Johnnie" was in shape for a hard drag like this, and we began to see that after all it was a bit of good luck that our vessel was not home in time to tune up the same as the rest of the fleet.

It was along about here—half-way on the reach to Minot's—that Tommy Ohlsen broke his main-gaff. It was the fault of the "Eastern Point," the Boston steamer. She had gone ahead of the fleet, taking almost a straight course for Minot's ledge. Reaching across from Half-way rock to Minot's the fleet began to overhaul her. She, making bad weather of it along here, started to turn around; but rolling to her top-rail, it was too much for them. Her captain kept her straight on for Boston. That was all right, but her action threw Ohlsen off. She was right in the "Nannie O's" way, and to save the steamer and themselves from a collision and certain loss of life, Ohlsen had to jibe the "Nannie O," and so suddenly that the "Nannie O's" gaff broke under the strain. That lost Ohlsen his chance for the race. And it was too bad, for between Ohlsen, Marrs and O'Donnell, each in his own vessel in a breeze, you could put the names in a hat and shake them up. When we went by the "Nannie O" her crew were getting the trys'l out of her hold. They finished the race with that and made good going of it, as we learned afterward. Indeed, a trys'l would have been sail enough that day for almost any other men but themselves.

Before we reached Minot's there was some sail went into the air. One after the other the balloons went, on the "Foster," the "Colleen," the "Withrow," and at last on us. I don't know whether they had any trouble on the others, being too busy with our own to watch, but we came near to losing men with ours. It got caught under our keel, and we started to try to haul it in. Mr. Duncan, however, seeing what we were at, sung out: "Let the sail go to the bottom, captain! I'll pay for the new one myself." Even at that we had to crawl out on the bowsprit, six or eight of us, with sharp knives, and cut it away, and we were mighty glad to get back again. The "Johnnie's" speed never slackened. It was desperate work.

Rounding Minot's, Tom O'Donnell gave an exhibition of desperate seamanship. He had made up his mind, it seems, that he was due to pass Wesley Marrs along here. But first he had to get by the "Withrow." Off Minot's was the turning buoy, with just room, as it was considered, for one vessel at a time to pass safely between the buoy and the ledge. Tide being high, O'Donnell figured that there was easily room for two, and then breasted up to the "Withrow," outside of her and with the rocks just under his quarter.

Hollis, seeing him come, made a motion as if to force him on the rocks, but O'Donnell, standing to his own wheel, called out: "You do, Sam Hollis, and we'll both go!" There certainly would have been a collision, with both vessels and both crews, fifty men, lost, very likely. Hollis weakened and kept off. That kind of work was too strong for him. O'Donnell had so little room that his main boom hit the can buoy as he swept by.

Once well around, O'Donnell, in great humor and courting death, worked by Hollis. Then, making ready to tack and pass Wesley's bow, he let the "Colleen" have her swing; but with all that sail on and in that breeze there could be only one outcome. And yet he might have got away with it but for his new fore-mast, which, as he had feared the night before, was not too strong. He let her go, never stopped to haul in his sheets—he had no time to if he was to cross Wesley's bow. So he swung her, and the full force of the wind catching her fair laid both spars over the side, first one and then the other, clean as could be.

Hollis never stopped or made a motion to help, but kept on after the "Lucy Foster." In the "Johnnie Duncan" we almost ran over O'Donnell, but luffed just in time, and our skipper called out to O'Donnell that we'd stand by and take his men off. O'Donnell, who was swearing everything blue, yelled back: "Go

on, go on; don't mind me! Go on, I tell you! We're all right. I'll have her under jury rig and be home for supper. Go on, Maurice, go on, and beat that Hollis!" And soon as we left him he had his men clearing away the wreckage.

Abreast of Half-way rock on the way back saw us in the wake of the "Withrow," which was then almost up with the "Lucy Foster." It was the beat home now, with all of us looking to see the "Withrow" do great things, for just off the ways and with all her ballast in she was in great trim for it. Going to windward, too, was generally held to be her best point of sailing. At that Sam Hollis had to do was to keep his nerve and drive her.

And drive her Hollis did. He ought to have felt safe in doing so with the "Lucy Foster" to go by, for the Lucy, by reason of the ballast taken out of her, should, everything else being equal, capsize before the "Withrow." Hollis must have had that in mind, too, for he followed Wesley Marrs' every move. Wesley was sailing her wide. Our skipper approved that. To attempt a too close course in the sea that was out in the bay that day, with the blasts of wind that were sweeping down, would have decimated her way altogether too much—maybe hung her up. And so it was: "Keep her a-fal whatever you do!" and that, with coming about when the others did—we being afraid to split tacks—made plenty of work for us to do.

"Hard-a-lee!" it was one after the other, and for every "Hard-a-lee!" twenty of us went down into the roaring sea fore and aft, and hauled in and slacked away sheets, and the fellows lashed to the fore-mst-

can, who, with a life-line about him, was clinging to the wind'ard bitt aft and watching things with tight lips, drawn face and shiny eyes. We listened to hear what else he might have to say. But he did not realize at once what it meant. His eyes and his mind were on the "Lucy Foster," with him ever the vessel nearest his heart.

"What d'y' think of the 'Lucy' and the 'Withrow,' Tommy?" Mr. Duncan said next.

Clancy took a fresh look at the "Lucy Foster," which was certainly doing stunts. It was along about this time that big Jim Murch, a tall man, but even so not more than six feet four—and the "Lucy" twenty-four feet beam—was swinging from the ring bolts under the wind'ard rail and throwing his feet out trying to touch with his heels the sea that was swashing up on the "Lucy's" deck. Every once in awhile he did touch, for the "Lucy," feeling the need of her ballast, was making pretty heavy weather of it. Every time she rolled and her sheer poles went under, Jim would holler out that he'd touched again. We could hear him over on the "Johnnie" at times.

Mr. Duncan, who believed that nothing ever built could beat the "Lucy Foster," began to worry at that, and again spoke to Clancy. He had to holler to make himself heard: "But what d'y' think of the 'Lucy's' chances, Tommy?"

Clancy only shook his head.

Getting nothing out of him, Mr. Duncan called out then: "What do you think of the 'Lucy,' you, Captain Blake?" The skipper shook his head, too. "I'm afraid it's too much for her." And then—one elbow was hitched in the weather rigging and a half-hitch around his waist—the skipper swung around, and looking over to the "Withrow," went on: "I don't see, Mr. Duncan, why we don't stand a pretty good chance to win out on Hollis."

"Why not, why not?—if anything happens to the 'Lucy.'"

It seemed hard to us to think that even then, in spite of the great race the "Johnnie" was making of it, she was still in the old man's eyes only a second string to the "Lucy Foster."

About then the wind seemed to come harder than ever, but Clancy at the wheel never let up on the "Johnnie." He socked it to her—wide and free he sailed her. Kept her going—oh, kept her going! "If this one only had a clean bottom and a chance to tune up before going out," said somebody, and we all chimed in: "Oh, if she only had—just half a day on the railway before this race."

We were fairly buried at times on the "Johnnie." On the "Lucy Foster" it must have been tough. And along here the stays'l come off the "Withrow" and eased her a bit. We should all have been better off with less sail about that time. In proof of that we could see back behind us where the "Nannie O" under trys'l was almost holding her own. But it wouldn't do to take it off. Had they not all said before putting out that morning that what sail came off that day would be blown off? Yes sir, let it blow a hundred miles an hour! And fishermen's pride was keeping sail on us and the Foster. Hollis tried to make it look that his stays'l blew off; but we knew better—a knife to the halyards did the work.

It was after her big stays'l was off and she making easier weather of it that the "Withrow" crossed the "Lucy's" bow, and for the first time in the race took the lead.

We all felt for Mr. Duncan then, who couldn't seem to believe his eyes. We all felt for Wesley, too, who was desperately trying to hold the wind of the "Withrow." He had even rigged blocks

with the extra purchase given them by the blocks to his jib sheets and led them to cleats aft to flatten his head-sails yet more. And Wesley's crew hauled like demons on those jib-sheets—hauled and hauled with the vessel under way all the time—hauled so hard in fact that they pulled the cleats out, and away went the "Lucy's" jib and jumbo. There was Wesley—hung up and out of the race; for we were all too near the finish for her to win out unless the "Johnnie" and the "Withrow" capsized entirely.

Mr. Duncan, when he saw the "Lucy's" crew trying to save the head-sails, couldn't contain himself. "Cut 'em away—cut 'em away to hades!" he sang out, and we all had to smile, he was so excited. But it was no use. The "Lucy" was out of the race, and



The "Johnnie" Never Stopped Her Headway. Oh, She Was Able

head shifted top and stays'l tacks. They were wise to lash themselves up aloft, for with every tack she rolled down into it as if she were never coming up, and when she did come up she shook herself as if she would snap her topmasts off.

Half-way to Eastern point on the beat home it seemed to occur to our skipper and to Clancy that the "Johnnie Duncan" stood a chance to win the race. It was Clancy, still lashed to the wheel, now with Long Steve, who turned his head for just a second to Mr. Duncan, and spoke the first word of it: "Mr. Duncan, the 'Johnnie's' got a chance to win this race."

"D'y' think so, Tommy, d'y' think so?"

Some of us in the crew had been thinking of that same thing for sometime, and we watched Mr. Dun-